MASTER
COMICS
Introducing BILL BATTLE
the ONE-MAN ARMY
I'M THE BEST THERE IS, AND THAT'S THE FULL TRUTH!

MYSTERY IN THE SKY

A Vacuum Bloobstutter Story

By Walter Farmer

A TELEPHONE bell jangled. It jangled again. And a third time.

Mr. Vacuum Bloobstutter, general manager of the United States Hole-Making Corporation, sat up in bed. He rubbed his eyes. As the phone rang for a fourth time, he reached over sleepily and picked it up. "Hello," he said.

The receiver squawked and sputtered. Mr. Bloobstutter became wider awake. "Heavens!" he exclaimed. "I'll attend to that at once!"

A crisis in American industry had arisen! With National Doughnut Week only ten days away, there was a shortage of doughnut holes! Even if the company's machinery were pressed to capacity, it could not manufacture enough holes to meet the demand. The factory superintendent had phoned Bloob to tell him of this terrible situation.

Bloobstutter had been to a masquerade ball the evening before and had stayed up quite late. He was still sleepy. Rubbing his eyes, he started to get dressed. When he put on his hat, instead of donning the regular homburg he always wore for business deals, he happened to grab part of the costume he had worn the night before. He had gone to the ball as a rabbit with long ears. He put on the bunny-type headpiece with long ears.

Then, without consulting a mirror, he grabbed the frayed old broom that stood beside his bed and intoned

"Though there's no phone
That seems much dearer
I wish that I
Was to Siberia."

Maybe that doesn't look much like a rhyme, but the way Bloob pronounced it, it seemed to rhyme. And as the broom flew him out the open bedroom window and over cities, plains, rivers, mountains, oceans, plateaus, and seas landed him in Siberia. Bloob was still wearing his masquerade hat with the long, rabbit ears. But the people of Siberia had been trained not to question anything, so they barely looked up, then continued to shovel salt into the salt cellars.

The reason Vacuum Bloobstutter had wished himself to Siberia was this. It seemed that through a slight clerical error in the shipping department, twenty-seven tons of doughnut holes had been dispatched to Siberia. Of course, the Siberians had no use for them. They eat nothing but Danish Twists.

So there were thousands of doughnut holes stacked up on the docks. In fact, there were just enough to relieve the doughnut hole shortage in America for National Doughnut Week.

When Bloob saw them — was elated. He clutched his witch broom and exclaimed

"Broom, you can get us
Out of this mess!
Make those holes fly home
To the old U. S.!"

Instantly all the doughnut holes rose in the air and started for America, winging their way over cities, plains, rivers, mountains, oceans and plateaus.

When the holes had started away, Bloobstutter felt homesick. He said

"There's nothing else here
For me to do.
I wish I could fly
Along home, too."

Zoooooop

The magic wi— broom carried him home.

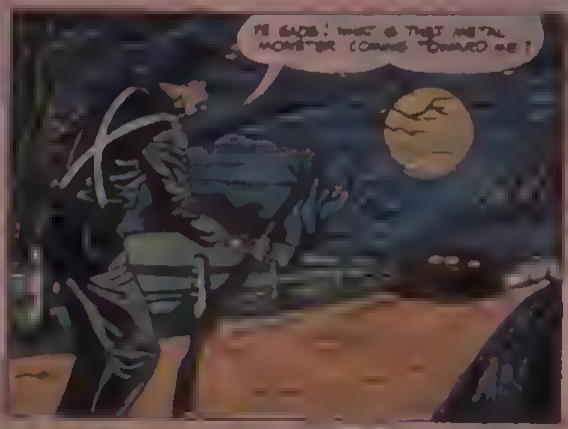
(Continued on inside back cover)

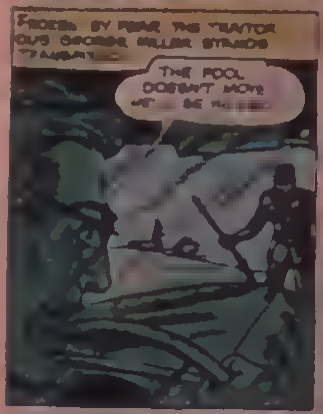
THE LIVING DEAD

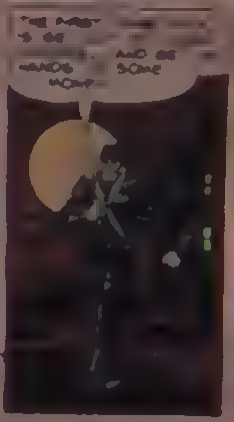
HELP...
HELP! HELP!
CAPTAIN MARVEL!
BOOM!
HELP!

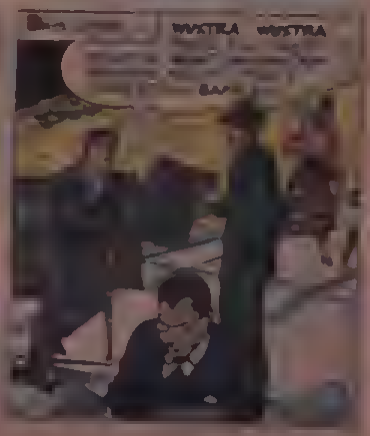
SUPPOSE YOU POINT
GEORGE MULLER
SEE...IT'S EMPTY...
IT'S EMPTY ALL RIGHT...
BUT HOW DO I KNOW YOU DIDN'T ROB THE BODY YOU SUSPECTED YOU OF
PLEASE BELIEVE ME! I SAW THE DEAD MAN'S HAND ON THE TOMBSTONE...IT WAS GEORGE MULLER...
GEORGE MULLER
GOODBYE
I'LL PROBABLY BE

"THAT POTION I DRANK BEFORE THEY SHOT ME WORKED. I NEVER REALLY DIED... I WAS BURIED ALIVE."


YE GADS! WHAT IS THAT METAL MONSTER COMING TOWARD ME?


THE FOOL DOESN'T MOVE



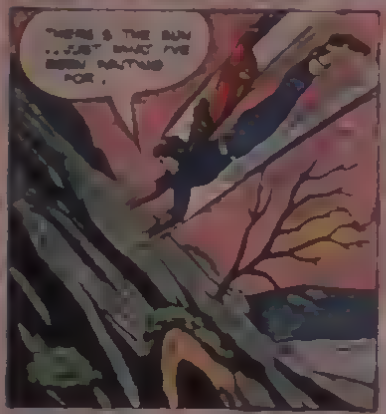

WUSTRA WUSTRA

I HEARD A NOISE
BANG
BANG!
BANG!
CAPTAIN MARVEL
ROOM!

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT... THIS IS A GENUINE CIVIL WAR BULLET! AND THOSE BULLETS NOT HAVING ANY EFFECT... IT DOESN'T SEEM TO MAKE SENSE.
YES... IT WAS THE GAMBLER TOLD ME... AND THE STORY ABOUT GEORGE MILLER
IT DOES THEN HE MUST BE BACK TO PICK UP HIS WEAPON! I'VE TO MAKE SURE HE FINDS
SUPER...
THERE HE IS... HE FOUND THE ROCKET JUST WHERE I LEFT IT! THAT REGARD THE GAMBLER'S STORY WAS TRUE.
NOW TO GRAB HIM.
HE MUST BE ONE OF LEGENDARY I'VE READ ABOU CHASE BECAUSE IMPOSSIBLE GRAB

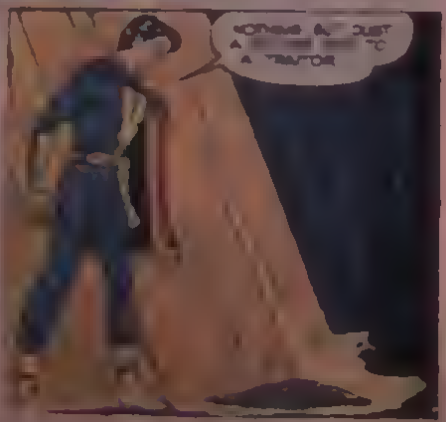
THE [illegible] DO IS FIND OUT [illegible] HE SLEEPS OUT AND THEN WAIT FOR THE SUN TO COME UP.

SO THAT'S HIS HIDE-OUT ...THE MOUNTAIN CAVE. HE PROBABLY SLEEPS THERE ALL DAY.
WE GOT TO REACH THE CAVE BEFORE THE SUN COMES OUT


THERE'S THE SUN ..JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR.

WHAM!

NO.. NO ... THE SUN! I'LL KILL ME


A TRAITOR

DIZZY daisy
A DAISY FAIR!
YES MAAM?
DO YOU SEE THAT HAT IN THE WINDOW THE RED ONE WITH FEATHERS AND RIBBONS?
WOULD YOU GET OUT OF THE WINDOW FOR ME?
CERTAINLY MAAM
THAT HORRIBLE THING BOTHERED ME EVERY TIME I PASSED YOUR STORE
PLOP!
muscle hedd
HELLO, MUSCLE HEDD SEE YOU'RE WEARING YOUR BASEBALL UNIFORM YOU PLAYING FOR TEAM THIS YR
AH!
WHAT TEAM IS
THE JOHNSON WASHERS
JOHNSON WHA
WHO IS WHAT
THE LAUNDRY
I MEAN YOU'RE ON A LAUNDRY BASEBALL TEAM
STOP
SCRUB

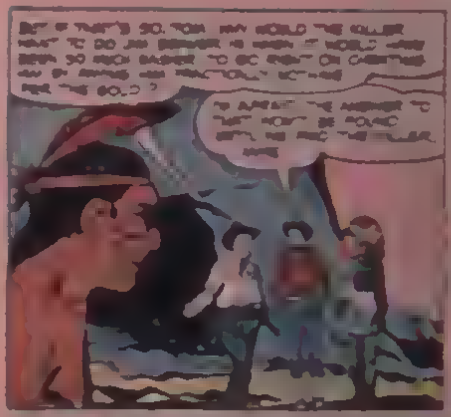
OZZIE
IN
LADY MONEY!

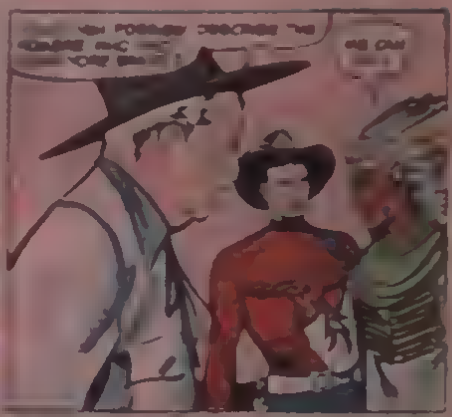
BUT ON ONE CONDITION---THAT THE PANTS WON'T SHRINK! I WANT IT GUARANTEED!
I'LL GUARANTEE THAT!
ALRIGHT YOU'LL GUARANTEE THAT THE PANTS WON'T SHRINK BUT I BET YOU WON'T GUARANTEE THAT NO ONE WILL SHRINK FROM HIM WHEN THEY SEE HIM IN THEM.
HA, HA, HA, HA, HA.
DO YOU REALLY THINK MY JOB'S THAT PERMANENT?
NO POP BUT I DON'T WANT TO TAKE THE CHANCE THAT YOU MIGHT CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT HIRING ME FOR THREE THOUSAND BUCKS SO AS WILLIAS TO LAUGH AT ANYTHING YOU SAY.
SHORTLY AFTER.
I SURE WOULD LIKE TO BUY A PAIR OF THOSE PANTS WITH WHAT I HAVE HERE IS THIRTY-FIVE CENTS TO MY NAME THAT IS, I'LL HAVE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS WHEN I DELIVER MR. JONES' DIRTY SHIRTS TO THE LAUNDRY.
I WISH YOU'D TAKE THE PANTS ON. YOU CAN GET A PAIR TOO. THE TAILOR HAS A FEW MORE LEFT.
REMIND ME OF THE BOY WHO PAWNS HIS PANTS FOR BEER IN A STREAM FULL OF GOLD MAY YOU HAVE A FISH ON YOUR BACK
WHAT'S IN THAT BUNDLE?
ABOUT TWENTY DIRTY SHIRTS, HUH?
WHAT'S A BUNDLE LIKE THAT WILL BRING TO DOLLARS! I'D DO IT ENOUGH FOR A PAIR OF PANTS
BUT WHAT I ABOUT WASHING STARCHED SHIRTS?
THERE'S NOTHING TO IT. I HELP MY MOM ON MONDAYS. A MEN'S WASH IS AT HOME
THANKS BUT I DON'T THINK I'D BOTHER ME, THAT IS A PENNY ANY- HAPPENED TO TO LEAVE THE
NOTHING TO THE SHIRTS. I'LL BRING MY HEART TO TOMORROW ALL THAT BABY COMB

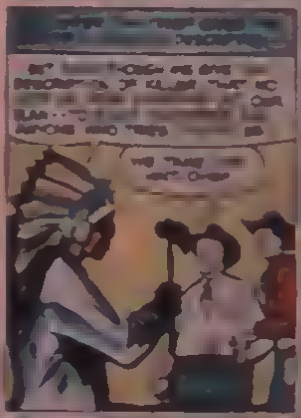
OKAY, I'VE GOT THE SOAP IN THE MACHINE. AS SOON AS YOU PRESS THE BUTTON
BUT I AM PRESSING THE BUTTON TO START IT. SOMETHING'S WRONG. IT WON'T WORK
AWW, THERE'S A SCREW LOOSE ON THE INSIDE. I'LL CHECK.
NO WONDER THE MACHINE WOULDN'T WORK! THE PLUG'S NOT CONNECTED!
THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK
HELP! HELP!
TURN IT OFF! TURN IT OFF!
AO, AO! THAT'S THE BUTTON TO POUR THE WATER IN---(GLUG) (GLUG)
SHORT WHILE LATER
WHAT HAPPENED OH! I SEE YOU'RE SO... AMONG THE PAINTS. DON'T BE SAD I'LL GIVE YOU A DIFFERENT PAIR
NO, HE HAD BEEN SO... AGAINST BIG TIM AGAINST SUPER-MAN AND... NOT STRETCHING

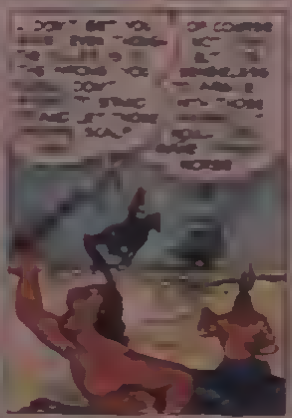
DIZZY
SPONGE CAKE
I GUESS I MUST HAVE BOUGHT THE WRONG KIND OF SPONGES

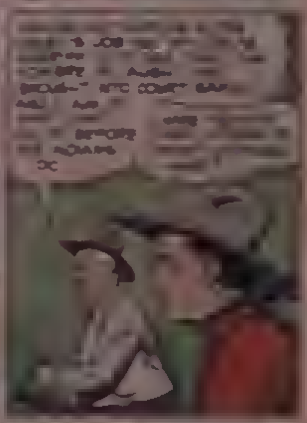
TOM MIX

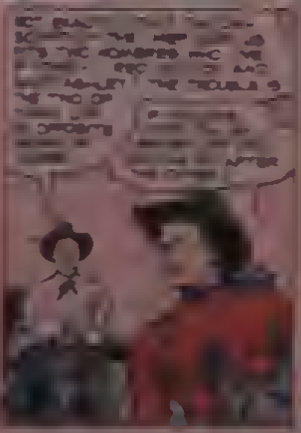




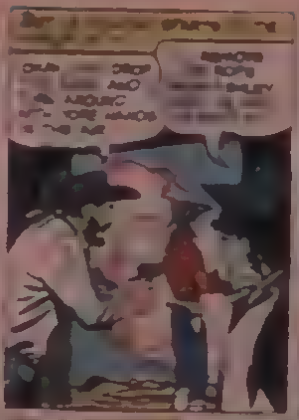


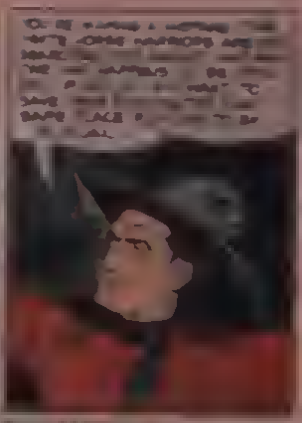


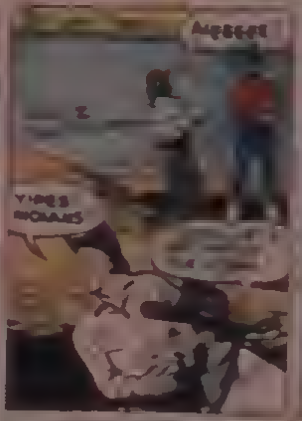




WHAM
KILL THAT HORSE
WHAT, HORSE?
CLAM






AIEEEE

CRASH

BANG.

BILL BATTLE

BRASSY [illegible] THE BIGGEST ASS THERE IS.

SERGEANT!

[illegible] ALONE, SIR

[illegible] OF ANY SOLDIER

[illegible] QUICK ABOUT

SHUT UP.
ORDINARY BIKES
ME!
LOOSE BUTTON

YOU
YES, SIR.
SERGEANT

BELLY DOWN!
YOU MISSED!

YOU MISSED DELIBERATELY
...AND STARTED A LANDSLIDE!
THE CORPS IS CLOSIN' IN! FOLLOW ME!

AHHHHHRRRR
NOW
IRON PANTS
HURT!
RAH
LUCKS
FUN
ANGER

A SAILOR'S HISTORIC TO BE DEFENDED, JOHN HOLT'S REVOLT GOES INTO ACTION.
HERE ARE, BABY SWALLOW THIS.
BLUUMM
GENERAL

YOU MEAN GENERAL PERKINS?
THEY CAN'T DO THAT TO ARMY PANTS!
NEEDS HIM, CAPTAIN, AND I'LL PROMISE YOU PERMISSION TO GO GET HIM.
YOU'RE MAD, BARTH. NO MAN CAN PUT US OUT OF COMMISSION AND GET AWAY WITH IT!
THIS IS A VOLUNTEER MISSION, BUT I'LL SPREAD THE WORD AMONG THE MEN
WITH THE GENERAL
BRIGHT
BEEP!
TWO MINUTES

CRASH
BILL BATTLE!
AND THE WAY, BUT

HANG YOU'RE TRESPASSIN'
BAM

WE'RE OFF.
BAMM
SCREE

HANG ON!

HE'S GOT
ROW

Mystery In The Sky

(Continued from inside front cover)

the air and soon they had caught up with the flying doughnut below. Bloobustter was flying right to the under of a real convoy of doughnut holes. They were spread out in the sky on either side of him, to far as the eye could reach.

"Natsional Doughnut Work will be saved," he exclaimed, heartily.

Suddenly there was a terrific "BOOM!" On the earth far below a great shower of missiles flew upward, seeming to engulf Bloobustter. Luckily some of the pieces of metal struck him, but several of the doughnut holes were hit and put out of commission.

"Great Caesar's ghost, that was flak!" exclaimed the little man. "Somebody is shooting anti-aircraft guns at us. It must be a plot to ruin National Doughnut Work!"

There was another "Boom!" from below and another near miss. Poor Bloobustter was so frightened he was shaking like jelly. Of course, he could have made a wish on his magic broom and got himself a set of armor plate. Or he could have flown so high he'd be out of range of the ack-ack. Or for that matter he could simply have wished himself safe at home as bad.

But in times of crisis, the little man often got so jittery he couldn't think of anything to rhyme with anything else, and it was one of the rules of the broom that wishes must be made in rhyme. That was one of the rules. He cried:

"I wish I was out
Of this sky so blue
And down where the grass
Is covered with
covered with

But it was no use. He couldn't think of anything to rhyme with "blue." A word was on the tip of his tongue when he heard a roaring somewhere behind him. He turned and saw very black specs whooshing out of a cloud and growing larger by the minute.

"They've sent up jets!
We'll all be dead
with I was back
At the plant instead!"

He was unconscious that he had made a rhyme, but the broom noticed it, and with a speed a thousand times faster than any supersonic, carried Bloob and all the undamaged doughnut holes to the factory. National Doughnut Work was saved!

Or it would be saved if the general manager could persuade all his workmen to come out of the air raid shelters and get back on the assembly line.

"What is this, a drill?" he asked.

"No," responded the foreman. "It's the real thing. The army radar screen picked up thousands of flying saucers heading this way. It's an invasion!"

"Bosh!" said Bloob. "Why, this was only a mass to my flying saucers are merely an optical illusion. You fellows don't have to worry. You can get back to work."

THE FOREMAN was hesitant. "Well, boss, you say so I guess you know best. But they claim they even saw a little man riding along with those saucers. He wasn't like us. He had long, pointed ears like a rabbit. He was a man from Mars."

Bloobustter finally got the men back to the assembly line. After that, the first thing he [illegible] was to have his rabbit masquerade headpiece.

THE END

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